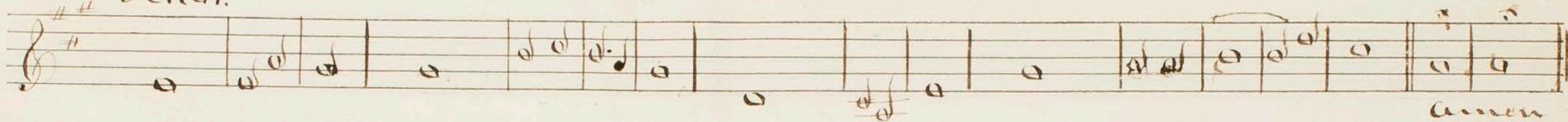


Tenor



## Star of Bethlehem.

Senor.



### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host be- | stud the | sky,  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the | sinner's | wandering | eye.  
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from | ev'ry | gem;  
But one alone the Savior speaks,—  
It is the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem!  
  
Once on the raging seas I rode;  
The storm was loud, the | night was | dark,  
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd  
The wind that | toss'd my | foundering | bark:  
Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck, I ceas'd the | tide to | stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,—  
It was the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem.  
  
It was my guide, my light, my all:  
It made my dark fore- | bodings | cease;  
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
It | led me .. to the | port of | peace.  
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, | first .. in night's | diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The | Star! the | Star of | Bethlehem!

H. K. WHITE.

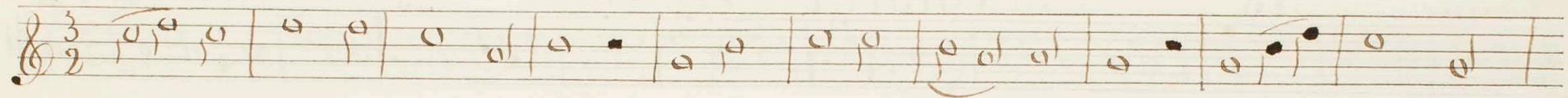
2



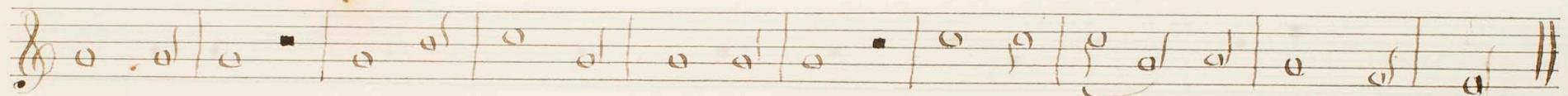
Devotional.

## Sacred Call.

Men. Col. 323.



Come, saith Jesus sacred <sup>view</sup> call - Come, and make my paths your choice, I will guide you

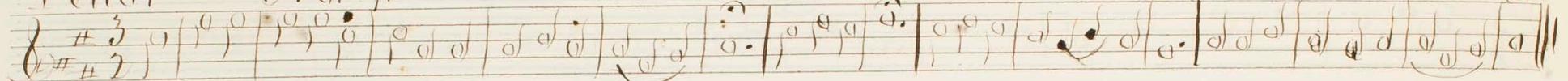


To your home - Many pilgrim hither come, Many pilgrim hither come,

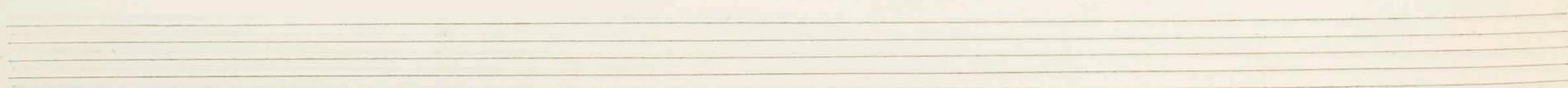
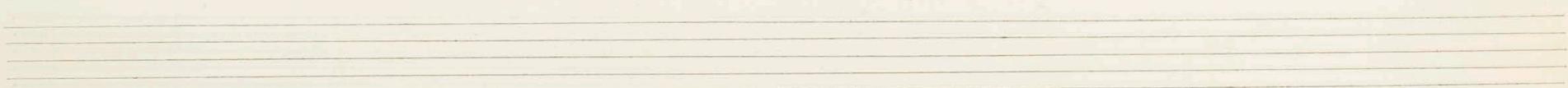
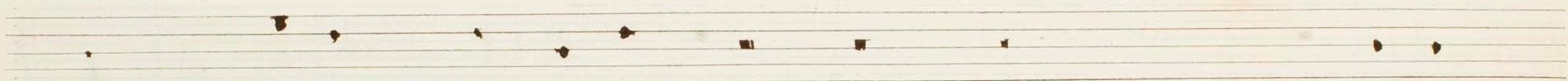
Tenor No. 7.

Chorus P. M.

Beeth. Col. 28.

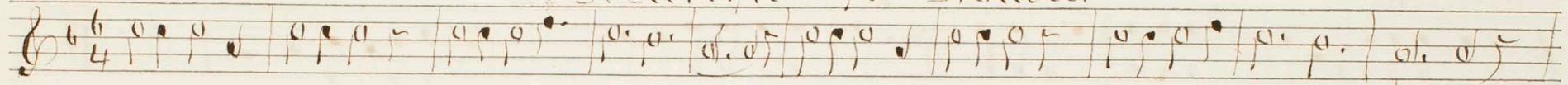


Father, we worship thee throned in thy glory; O hear us, Hear the glad strain gushing from our grateful heart, Praising thy goodness, O hear us,  
 Father we come to the throne of thy mercy; O hear us; Bow down thine ear And while our voices we blend, In supplication, O hear us,  
 joyour, we send forth our low song of triumph; O hear us; From thy high heaven, Hear our full chorus of praise, God in thy glory, O hear us.

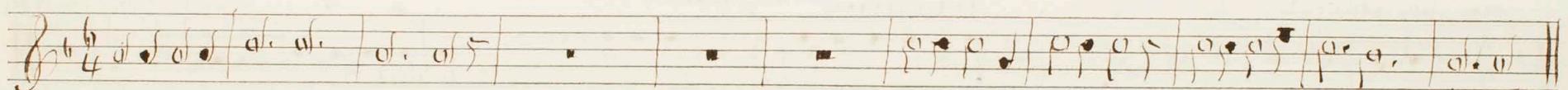


Tenor.

Martin 7s. Double.



Seru, love of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the hollow, near me roll, While the tempest still is nigh.



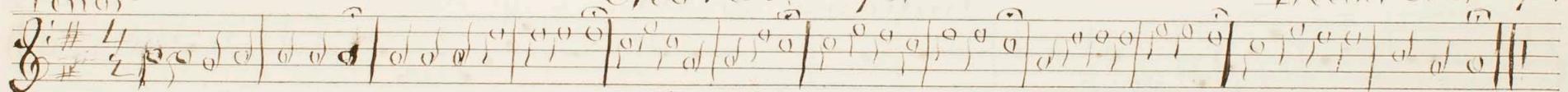
Hide me, O my savior hide, Till the storm of life is past - Safe into the hav'n gate, O receive my soul at last.

Tenor.

No. 5.

Choral. 7s.

Beeth. Col. 27. h.



On thy church, O' own divine

Till the nations from afar

Cause thy glorious face to shine

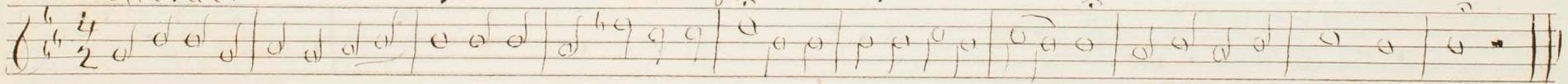
Hail her as the guiding star -

Hail her as

Choral.

Weigt. 8s &amp; 7s.

A. H. 254



Cease ye mourners, cease to languish, O'er the graves of those you love, Pain and death and night and anguish,  
Enter not the world above.

allegretto

## Old Chant I. M.

A. H. 42.

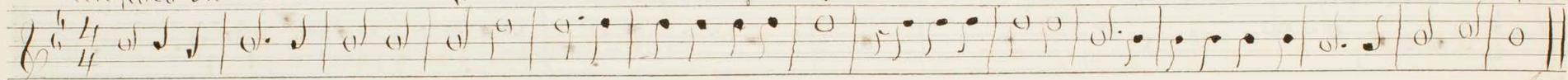


How vain is all beneath the skin, { How slender all the fondest ties,  
 How transient very earthly bliss, { That bind us to a world like this.

unisono staccato.

## Evening Chant. I. M.

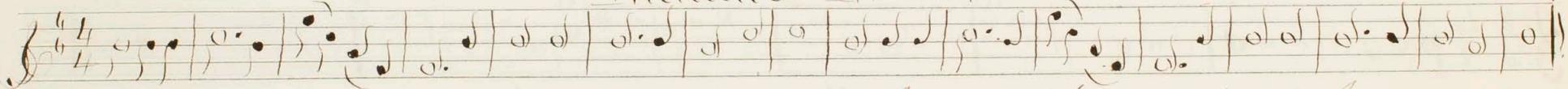
A. H. 46.



Thus far the Lord hath led me on, { And every evening shall make known  
 Thus far his power prolongs my days, { Some fresh memorial of his praise.

## Indiana I. M.

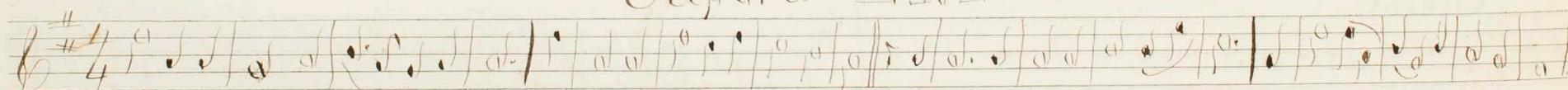
A. H. 59.



Blest is the man whose tender care, { Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,  
 Relieves the poor in their distress, { Whose hand supports the faint.

## Gifford I. M.

A. H. Ins. 40.



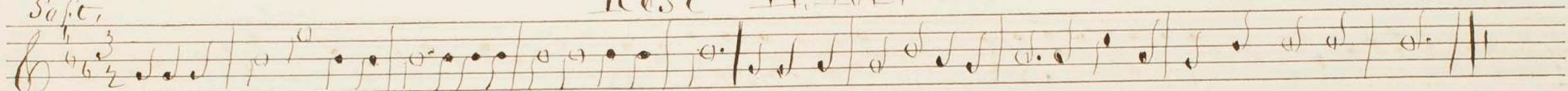
Father of mercy, on the dawning  
 I'll pay my early vow to thee

Like incense on the breath of noon,  
 My heartful pain to heaven shall be

Soft.

## Rest T. ME.

Psalmodist 62.

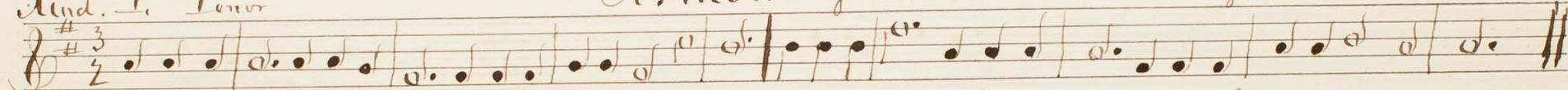


Arise in Jesus, blessed slum. From which now ev' wak' to weck  
It calme & undisturb'd repose, Unbrok' by the last of foes.

And. P. Tenor

## Armstrong. T. ME.

Hastings: N. Y. Choralist 70.



Dear Jesus when, when shall it be When will this war of passion cease  
That I no more shall break with theo And I enjoy a lasting peace.

Tenor. Slow and soft.

## The Departed. L. M.

Meas. Col. 6.5.



Here midnight cares disturb our rest.

O stay thy tears, for they are blest, Whose days are past, whose toil is done, Here sorrow dims the noon day sun, Here sorrow dims the noon day sun,

1. L. cheerful. No. 25. I. M. Beethoven Col.

My how my King thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days -

My grace employ my humble tongue, Till death nor glory rais the song

## ROXBURY. I. M.

V. C. Taylor 54

Trebles      Tenors & Bass      Tutte.

Lord tis a pleasant thing to stand, In gardens planted by thy hand, Let me within thy courts be seen, Like a young cedar <sup>green</sup> fresh and

Sturm & Soft. Woodland. C.M. N.C. 14.

There is an hour of peaceful rest 3 There is a joy for souls distressed  
To mourning wanderers given 3 A balm for every wounded breast 'Tis found above - in heaven

Alta Treve. Hymn Chant. A.E. 119.

Lord, let us to our refuge fly, Thine arm alone can save To triumph 'tul the grave  
Give us thro Christ the victory

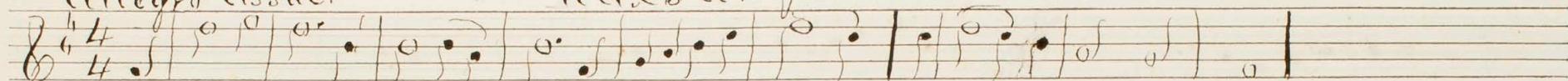
Maloe. Brooks. C.M.

As pants the hart for cooling streams 3 Delight my soul, O God for thou  
While heated in the chase And thy recovering grace

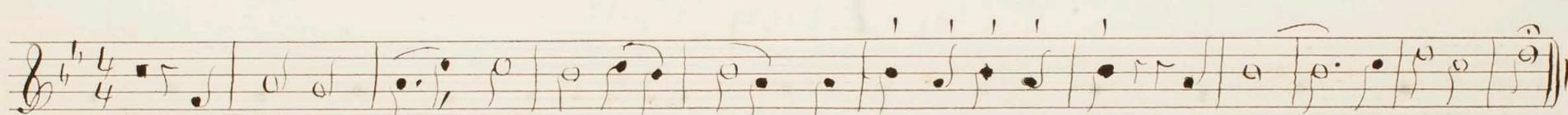
Allegro (Isaac.)

Roxbury

A. H. 124.



O, render thanks and bless the Lord, Invoke his sacred name, Invoke his sacred name,

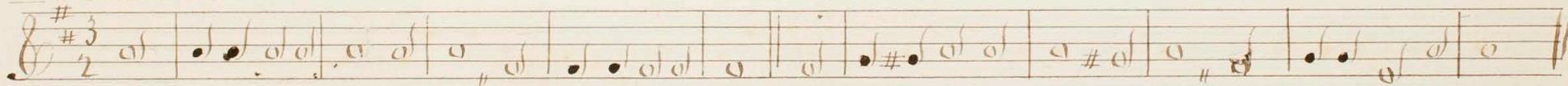


Acquaint the nations with his deeds His matchless deeds proclaim, His matchless deeds proclaim

Tenor. Recd.

Galena. C.M.

Choralist. 121.1.

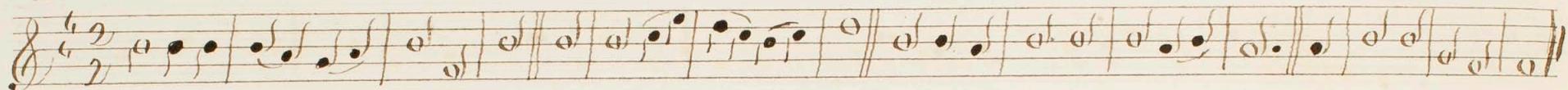


Thou blest Redeemer dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee, No music's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.

Tenor.

Boonville C. M.

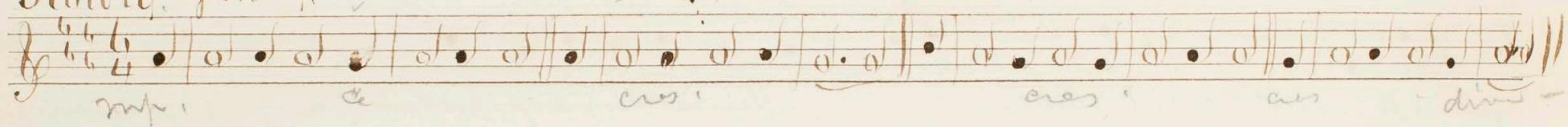
Men's Col. 109.



How happy are the souls above, From sin and sorrow free! With Jesus they are now at rest, And all his glory see,

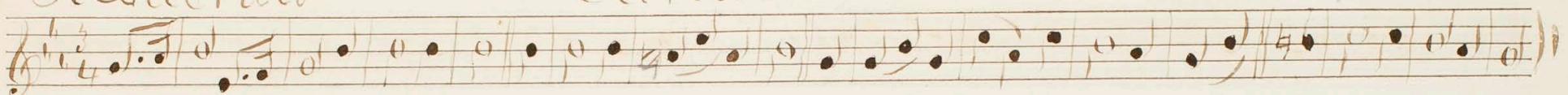
Slowly, gently.

Evan C. M.



Moderato.

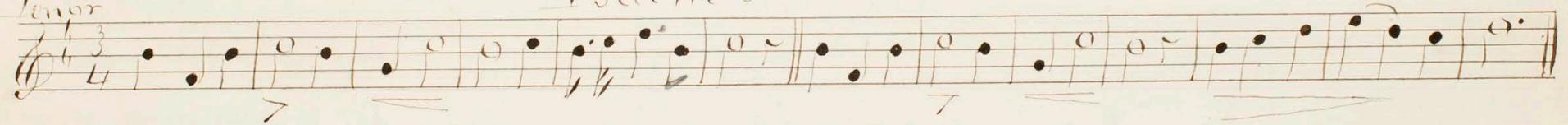
Canada. C. M.



Tenor

Psalm 80. C. M.

a. C. Col. 31.



When I pour out my soul in prayer, Do thou O Lord attend; To thy eternal throne of grace, Let my sad cry ascend.

Tenor      No. 1.      Choral S. M.      Beeth. Col. 25,

Below the lofty sky, declare its maker God And all the stony world on high  
Proclaim his power abroad

Tenor      Somerville S. M.      Beeth. Col. 81,

Tenor      Evening Hour S. M.      A. H. 188,

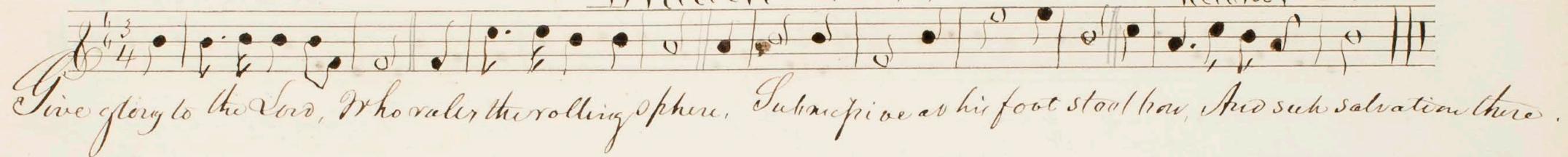
The day is past & gone, The evening shades appear, O may I ever keep in mind The night of death draws near.

Tenor      Harrington S. M.      A. H. 185,

Awake & sing the song of Moses & the Lamb; Wake every heart & every tongue to praise the savior's name  
To praise &c

## Braden S. M.

Retard, Psalmody 123.

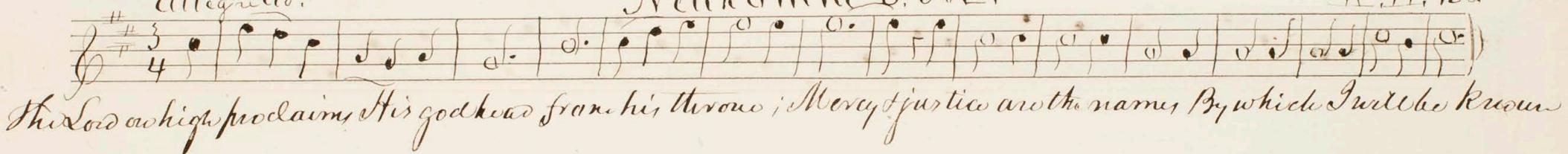


Give glory to the Lord, Who rules the rolling sphere. Subduer at his foot stood here, And such salvation there.

Allegretto.

## Neukomm S. M.

A. H. 158.



This Lord of high proclaims His goodness from his throne; Mercy & justice are the names, By which I will be known.

Allegretto.

## Belville S. M.

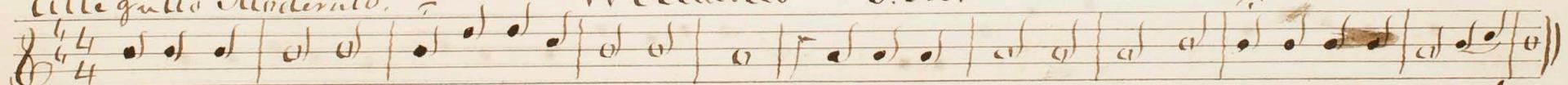
A. H. 185.



Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake.

Allegretto Moderato.

## Williams S. M.

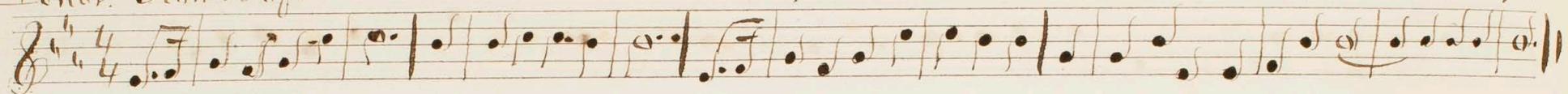


Lord what our ears have heard, Our eyes delighted trace, Thy love in long succession shown, To Zion's chosen race.

Tenor. Slow &amp; soft.

Tane. S. M.

Nat. Psalmist. 1711.



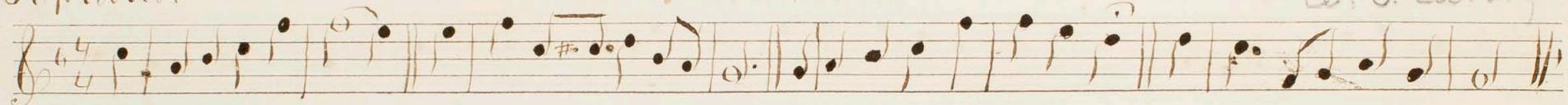
My few revolving years,  
How swift they glide away,

{ How short the term of life appears  
When past 'tis but a day. When past,

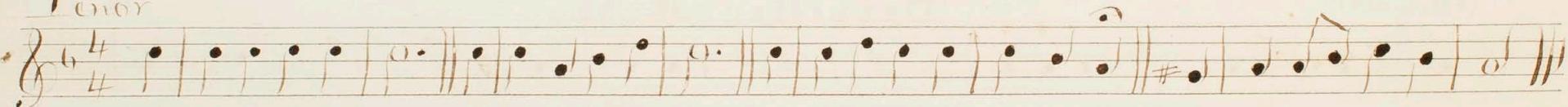
Soprano.

Psalm 44. S. M.

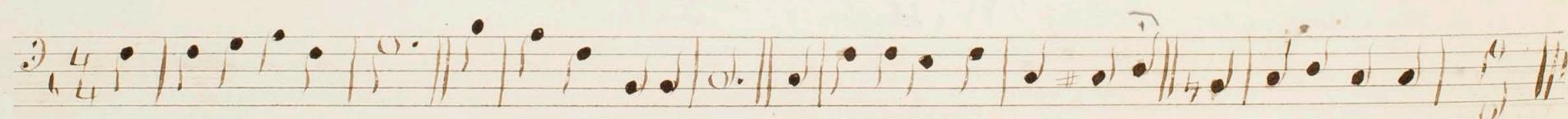
C. C. Col. 24



Tenor

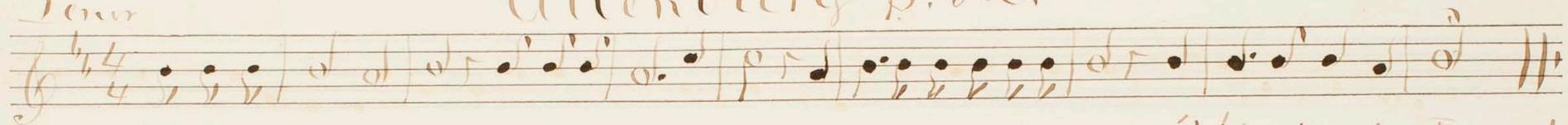


A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify, A never dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.



Tenor

Altenburg S. M.

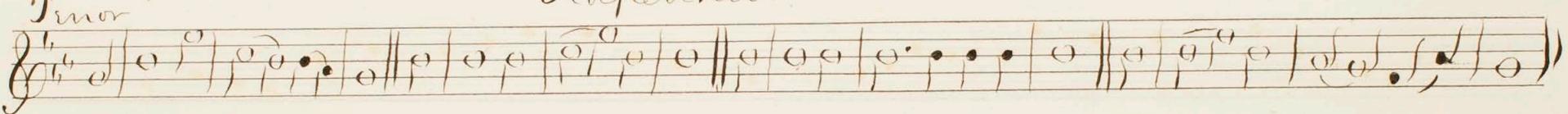


We come with joyful song, To hail this happy morn, This day is Jesus born,  
Glad tidings from <sup>an</sup> Angels tongue.

C. 81

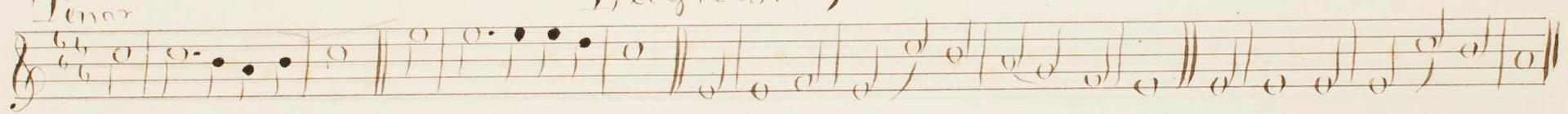
Tenor

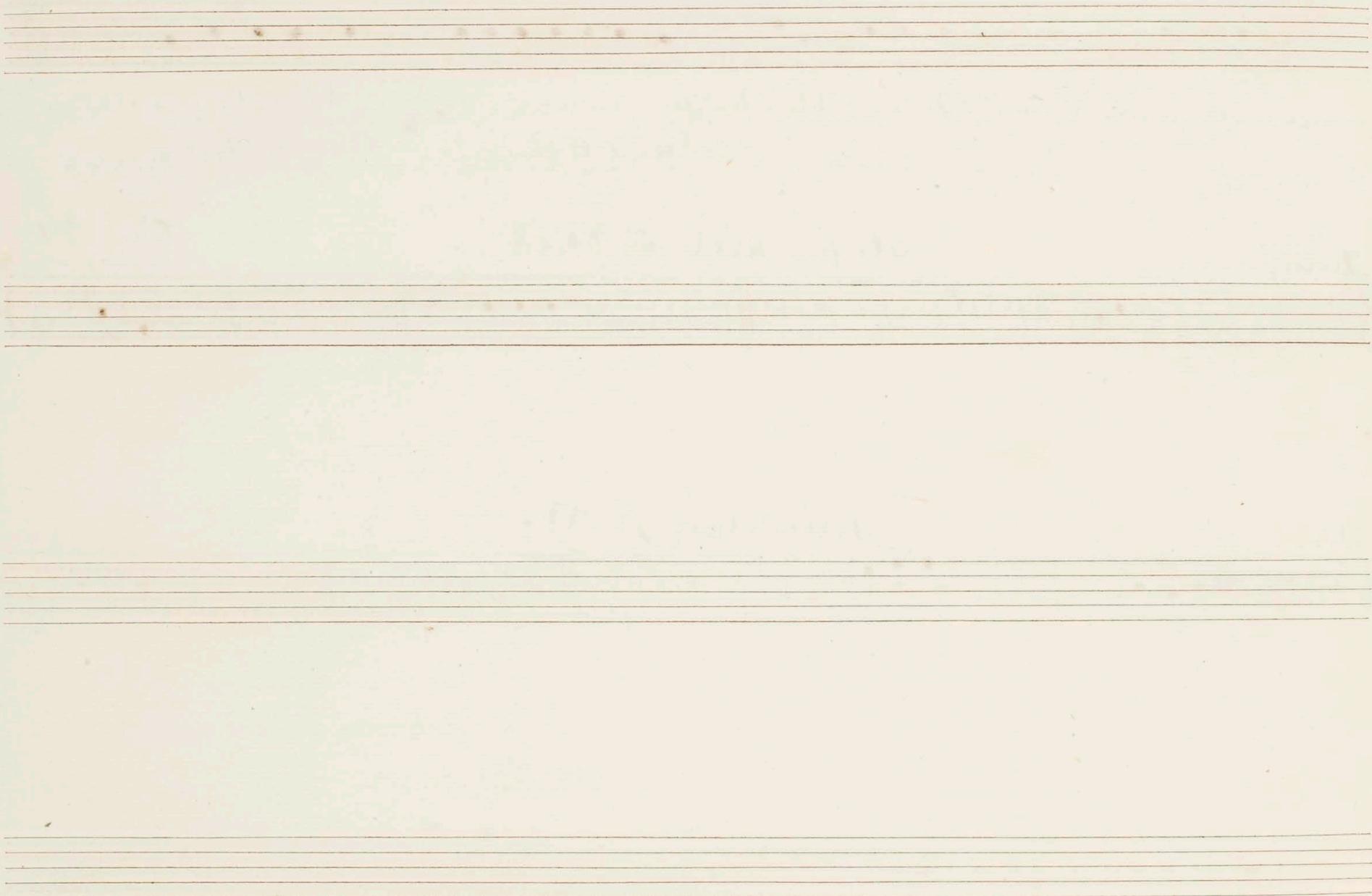
Stapenhill S. M.



Tenor

Brighton S. M.







Witlington T.M. Cretonec, 59,

Tenor

Tenor

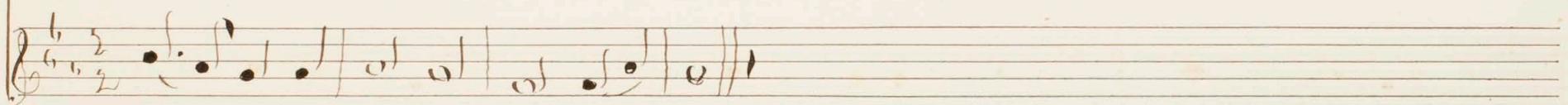
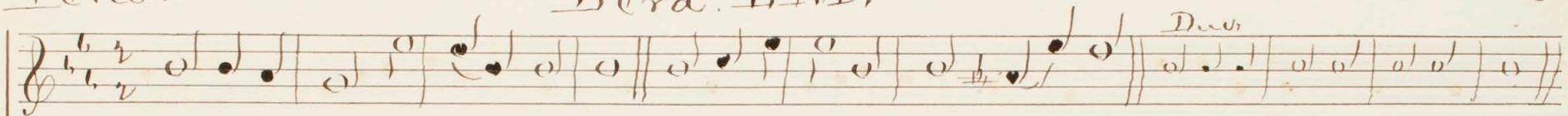
Cleach. T.M.

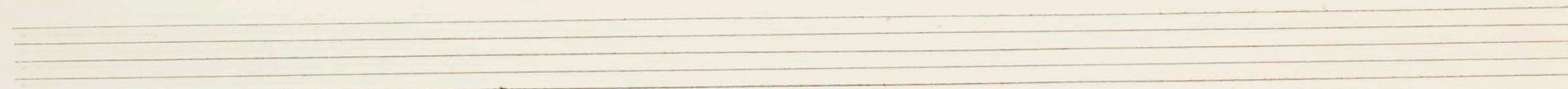
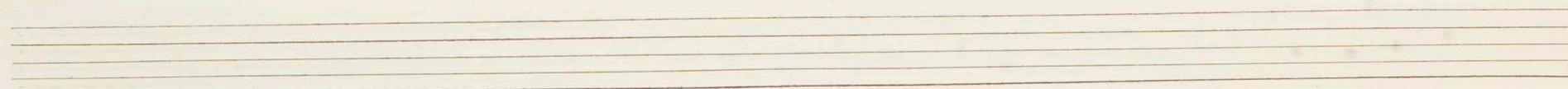
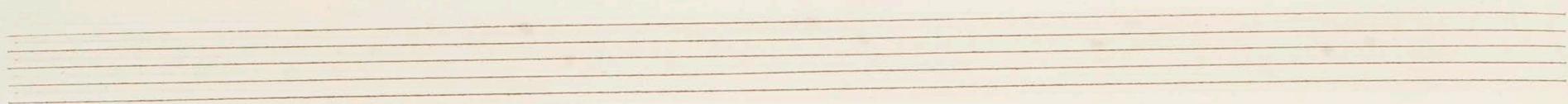
265

Tenor

Bera. L.M.

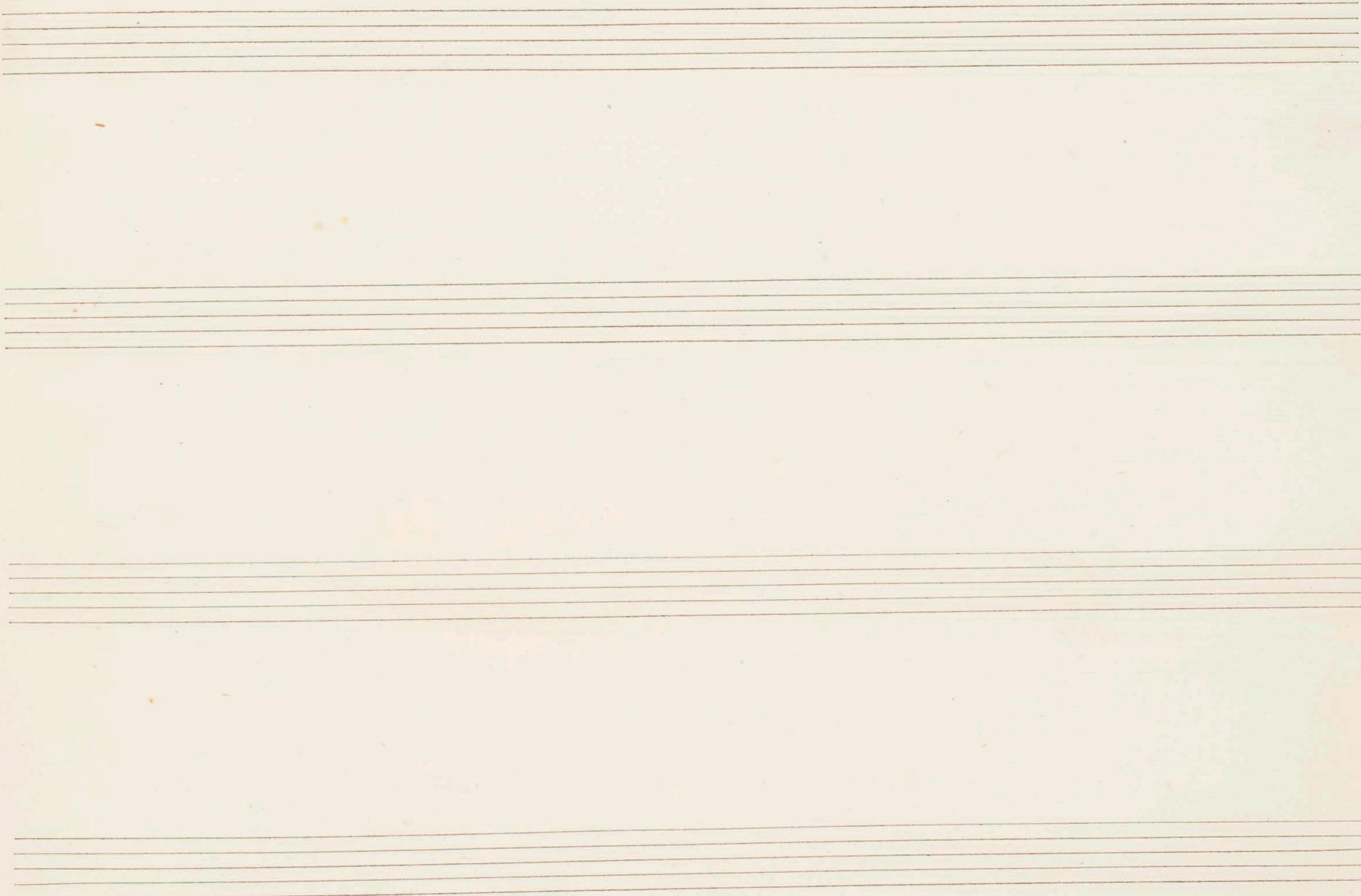
327

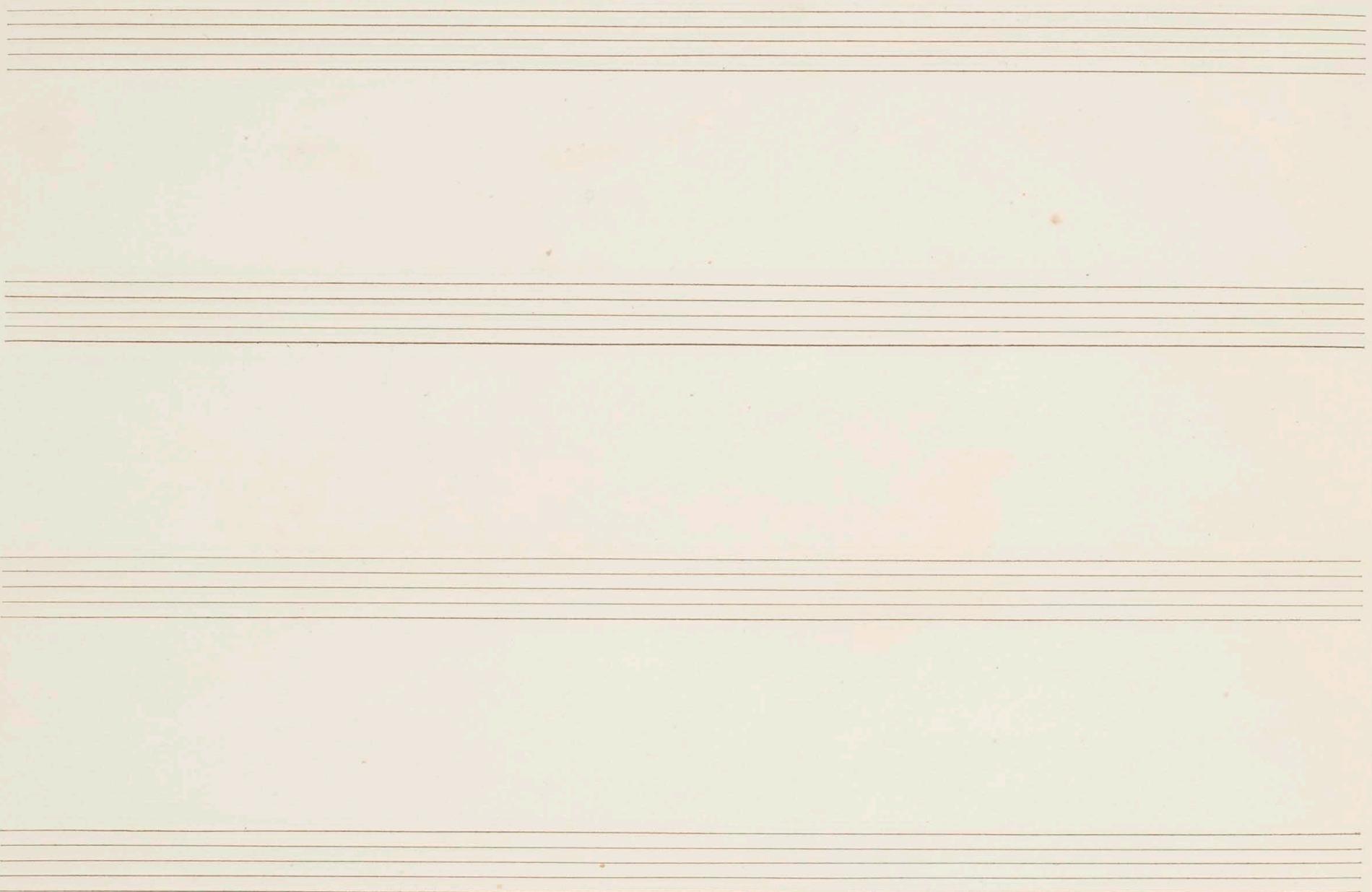


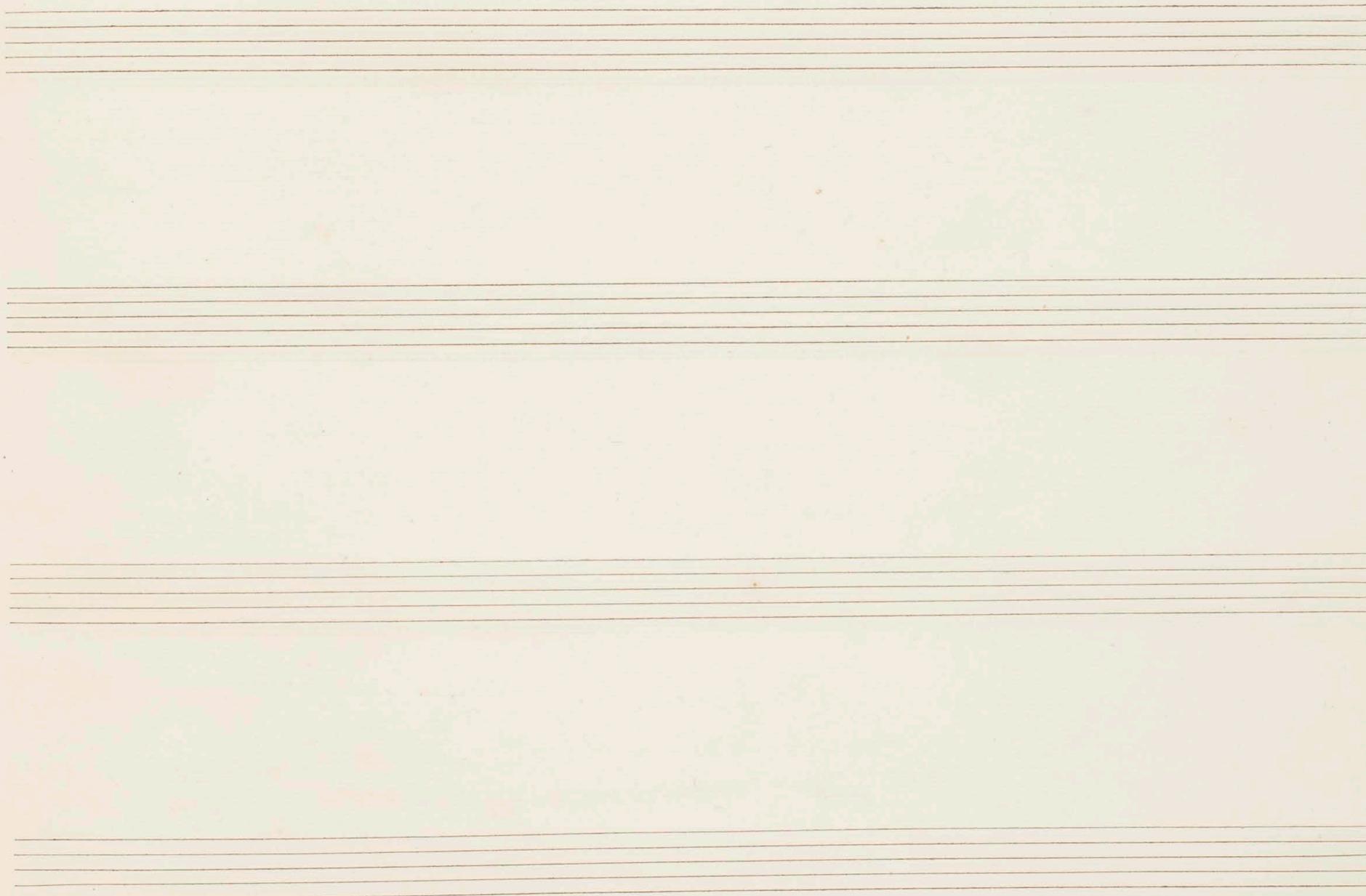






















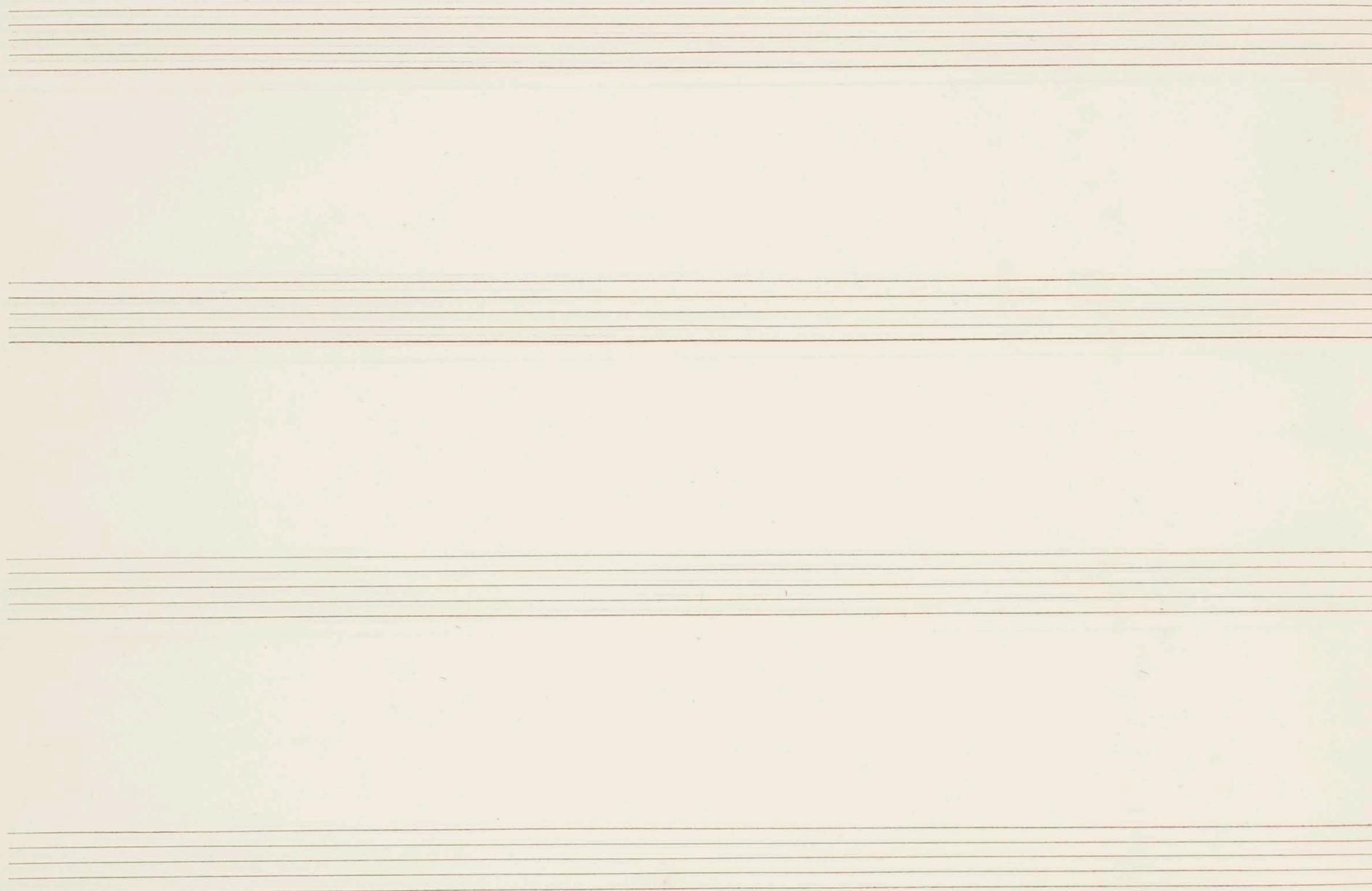


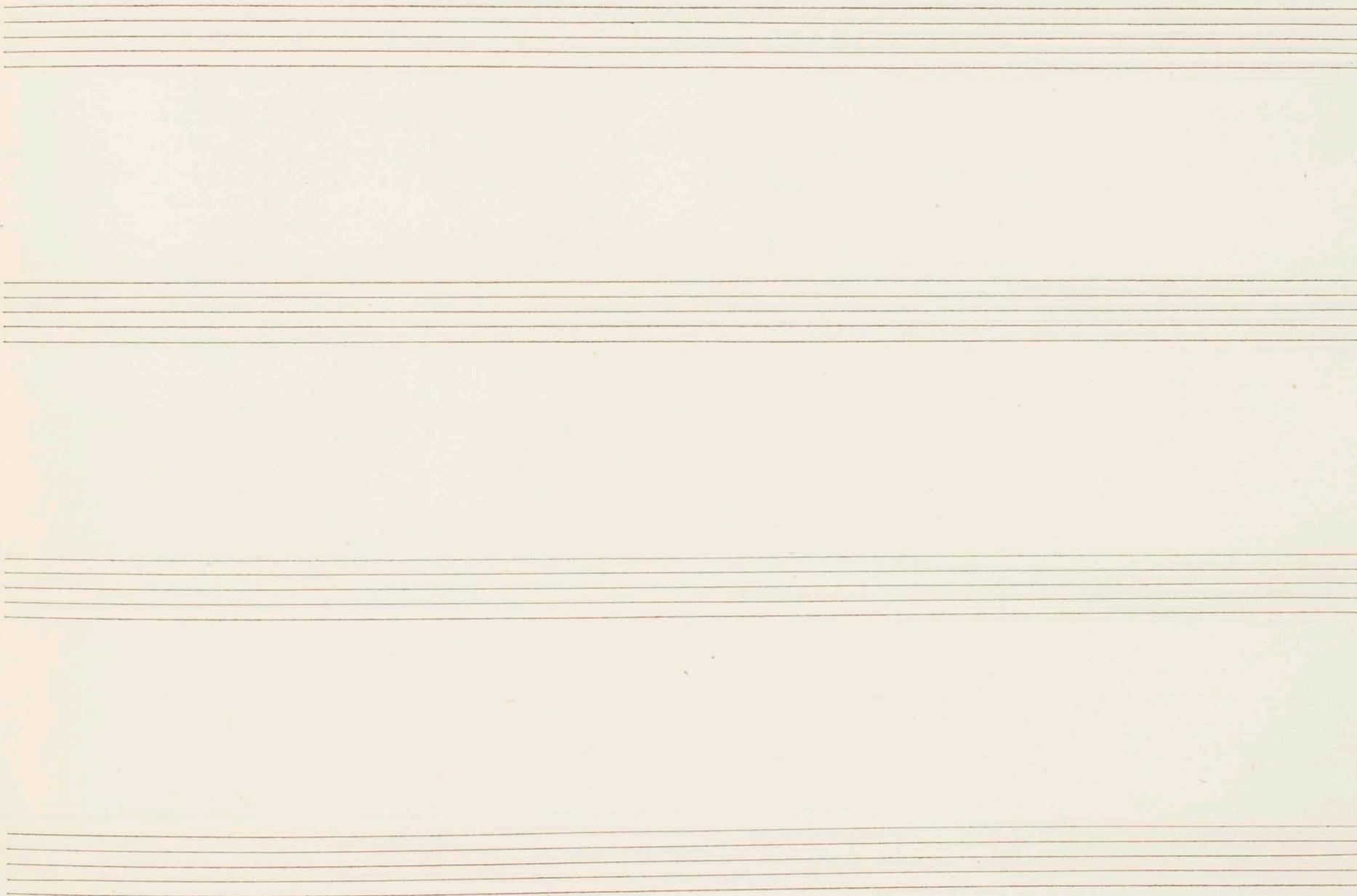


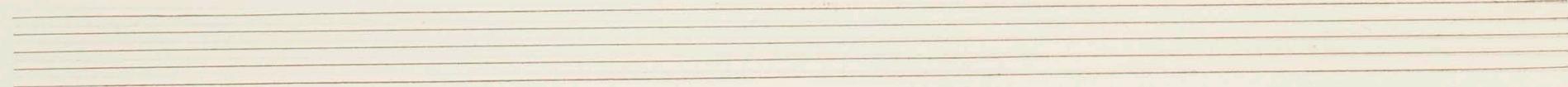
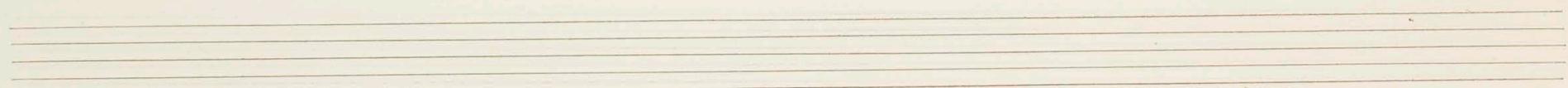
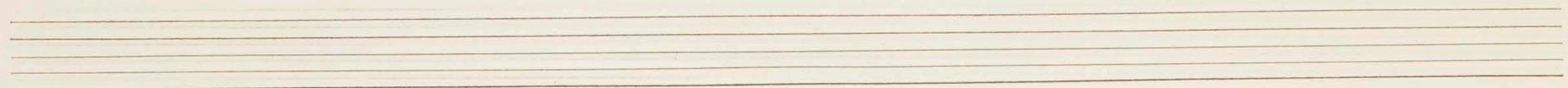
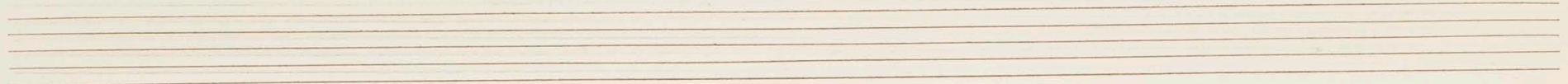
















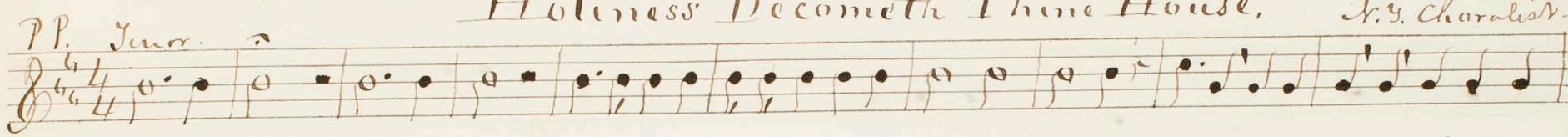




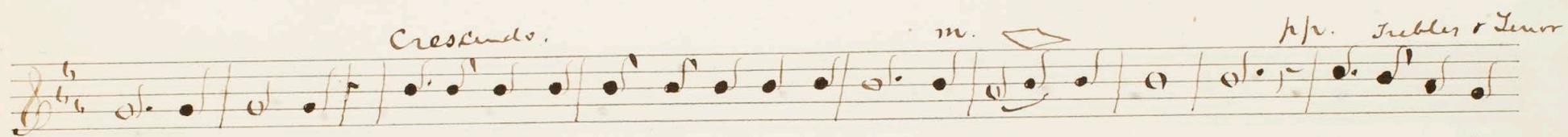




Hotiness Becometh Thine House. A. G. Charalamb. 310.



Ho-li-ness. Ho-li-ness, holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever. Holiness becometh thine house, O

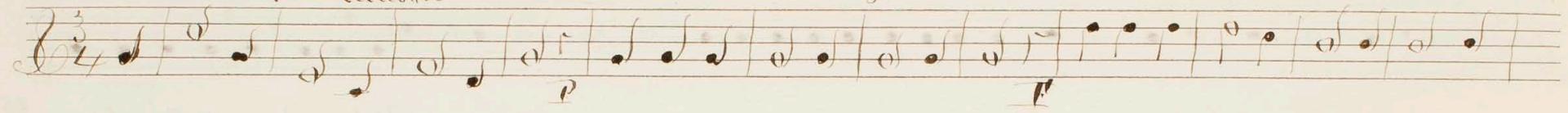


Lord for ever. Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, O Lord for ever - Holiness be-

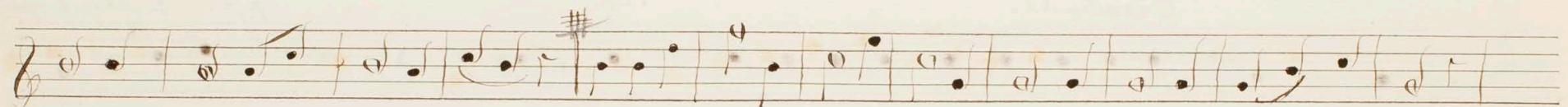


cometh thine house, Ho-li-ness becometh thine house for ever O Lord, for ever - for ev - - er

Tenor. Allegro. ~~unison~~ Through Every Age.



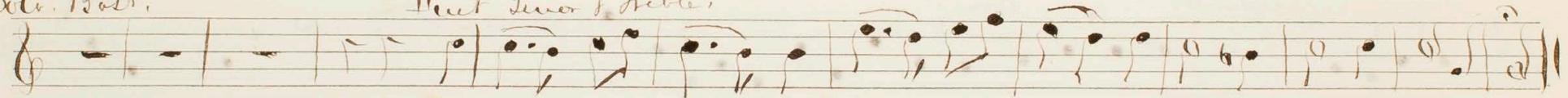
Through every age, eternal God, Thou art our rest, our safe abode, High was thy throne, ~~Thine~~ heaven was <sup>made, or</sup>



earth, thy humble footstool laid, Long hast thou reigned ere time began. <sup>Solo</sup> And dust was fashion'd into man, and

Solo. Bass.

Duet Tenor & Treble:



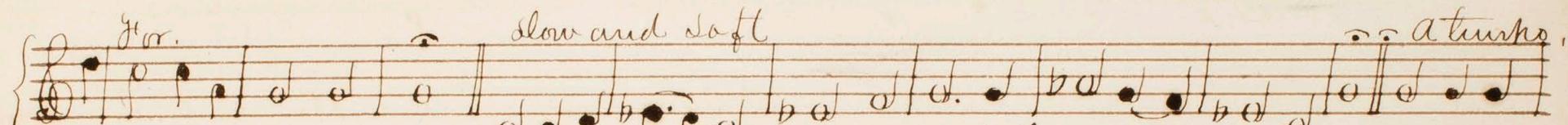
Long thy kingdom shall endure, And long thy kingdom shall endure,

<sup>earth</sup> When ~~time~~ and time shall be no more,

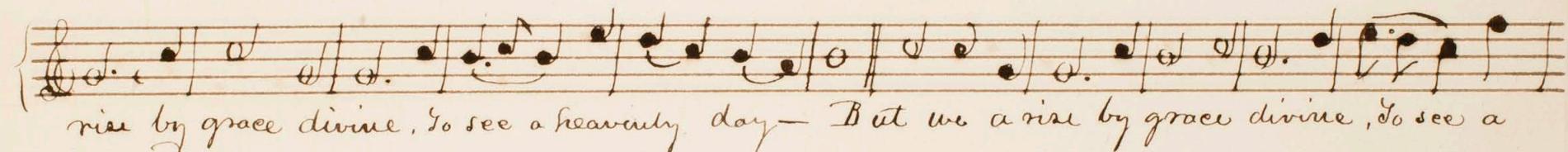
De Capo #



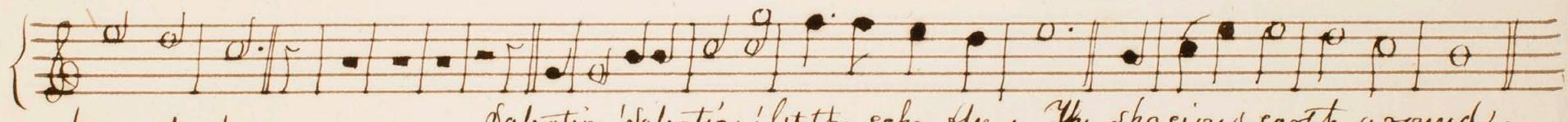
Salvation! Salvation! Oh! the joyful sound, 'tis pleasure to our ears.



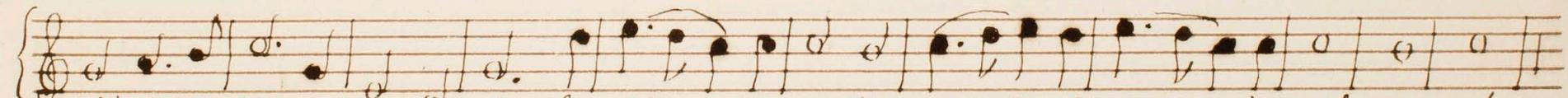
a cordial for our fears Buried in sorrow and in sin, at hell's dark door we lay, But we a-



rise by grace divine, To see a heavenly day — But we a rise by grace divine, To see a



heavenly day. Salvation! Salvation! Let the echo fly, The spacious earth around.



While all the armies of the sky, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound.

